Brooklyn, Aug. 9, 1837

My dear Knapp:

63 What is in the wind now? Only think of a public "clerical" admonition! Do not ecclesiastical terrors take hold of you, as publisher of the Liberator? Have you done penance, and obtained absolution? For my own part, I am growing more and more irreverent, and must be given over as incorrigible. Surely, you must be a pragmacious man to employ such an Ishmaelitish editor. "Woe is me, my mother! for I was born a man of strife." What latent feelings, think you, have stirred up Messrs. Fitch and Towne to make such a strange "Appeal"? Tell me whether there is not some sectarian ill-will, some "clerical" apprehension, at the bottom of this movement. You are very good, as a Yankee, in guessing — but perhaps the facts in the case are too palpable to need a single surmise. My review of the "Appeal" will probably ensure you the loss of a few subscribers; and perhaps add a few more to your list. It was written in more haste than I could have wished; but as I expected to be in Boston before commencing it, it was delayed till but a little time was left to me. I forwarded it to Boston, in parcels, by three different conveyances: — the first, in two letters by mail on Tuesday — the second, yesterday noon, via Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Martin of New-York, who promised to deliver it promptly on his arrival — the third this morning, via Providence, by a friend, to be dropped into the P. O. in that city; so that I suppose you will have received the whole to-night. I shall be sorry if any of it should happen to be lost or mislaid. Whether you will think it best to delay the paper for it this week, I cannot tell, but shall be satisfied with your decision, either way — though I think the sooner the rejoinder appears, the better. See to it that the proof of it is read correctly. The "Appeal," I fear, will do some injury to our cause, as it will doubtless be used to some purpose by our enemies.

I do not remember whether I have told you how very much like a hospital our house has been within the last fortnight. Helen was first taken sick, and had a severe time of it — then I followed, so as to be unable to do any thing — next, sister Mary was violently attacked — and finally sister Anna was seized with a more alarming illness than either of us all. Happily, we are all better, and have discharged the physicians. Some persons would say, that we ought to be very thankful to God for his special mercy in restoring us to health; but there is nothing special or miraculous in a restoration like this. Medicine had its legitimate effect, and that is the sum total of the whole matter. What then? Are we not grateful to God? Certainly. But for what? Why, for providing remedies, in his bountiful providence, that have been successful in the removal of our complaints. Now, that gratitude is purely spasmodic which is elicited only by some rare occurrence. As for myself, I am thankful in sickness and in health — in pain and in ease — in adversity and in prosperity. Nothing comes amiss. I have perpetual tranquility, but no spasms — never causing light, but no darkness. I have but one wish — "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." My rejoicing is in the Lord always. My peace is like a deep river — my rest perfect.

Doubleday, you are busy, very busy, but send me a few lines, if you can, in Saturday's bundle. Tell me something about your visit to Newburyport — how the friends were in Temple-street — how abolitionism flourishes in that place, and what new converts have been made — how Mrs. Knapp was pleased — whether you visited Plum Island and the Essex Merrimac Bridge, at which latter place you once got outfitted upon hot mince pie, though I consumed double the quantity with impunity — how the Grinkés succeeded — how Mr. Adams's oration was relished — &c. &c.

I have not yet been to Coventry! Three times have I disappointed the friends in that place, but have made another appointment, (20th inst.) which I hope to fulfil without fail. On the 21st, I am to address the Windham Co. Society in Hampton, six miles from this village — and hope to be in Boston on the evening of the 23d. Whether Helen and the babe will return with me, will depend upon circumstances. Bro. George is anxious that I should go into a Thompsonian Infirmary, and I think I must. My health is not good — my liver is badly affected — my scrofula in the neck, throat and head is troublesome.

Will you request bro. Phelps to tell Lucy Parker, that, contrary to what I wrote her last week, I have concluded to remain here a fortnight longer? How does he fancy the "Appeal"? and what does bro. Fuller say of his poster?

Bro. Southard, I hope, will not remove to New York. My best regards to him. How does the Almanac sell? What number of subscribers to the Youth's Cabinet?

Bro. Johnson must hold on, if he can, until my return; but if he cannot, bros. Phelps and Southard must assist you a little. As I have got to write two anti-slavery addresses before the 20th, (a severe task, mechanically, at least,) you must not expect much editorial from my pen until after that time. I shall, however, forward you some of my cuttings.

Do you send a Liberator to Sarah A. Pearl, Natick, R. I.? If not, send it regularly, with some back numbers, and I will tell you the rest when I see you.

[3] Don't forget the bundle on Saturday — and, if you can, (but I do not expect it,) send in it a copy of this week's paper.

Love to all the friends.

Yours, faithfully, Wm. L. Garrison.

Boston Sept 10 June 10

Mr Isaac Knapp,
25, Cornhill,
Boston,
Mass.

MS. A.L.S. 1963